

# Richmond Dispatch.

THURSDAY.....FEBRUARY 12, 1880.

## The Humors of Masonry.

[From the Brooklyn Eagle.]

The subject of Masonry has of late received more attention from the daily press than usual, owing to the alleged discoveries made by Lieutenant Gorringe, of the United States navy, at the base of the American obelisk. Our esteemed highly humorous contemporary, the *World*, in its waggish way, has discovered the alleged Masonic emblems to be a seriousness that would deceive any who were not prepared to regard its utterances from a Pickwickian point of view. But there is a limit even to jesting, and we fear that our facetious contemporary may have been carried away by his sense of humor to really undo much of the good it has done in promoting the study of the recondite and impractical. We say this not in any chiding spirit, but merely because while a joke is a joke to those who see it as such, it may be carried too far, and as our facetious contemporary knows from experience, there are a great many dull fellows in this world who accept even the most preposterous statements with dense acquiescence and open-mouthed admiration. The *World's* announcement that Masonic emblems really were found at the base of the American obelisk, we fear, is one of those, and while, of course, it is hardly clever as the invention of the fruit-tree of Africa, in which many good souls believe as firmly as in their catechism, it has, without doubt, been accepted as gospel by many of the ablest performers of the Masonic order.

Before the *World* cracked its little joke at the expense of the most conservative Masons—specimens of whom are doubtless to be found in every lodge in the world—it was pretty generally understood that Masonry, in its origin in the days of Solomon, a moment's reflection will serve to demonstrate that the wisest of men never did a wiser thing in his life than when he became a Mason. A man with three hundred wives, not to mention the other nine hundred lady friends who watched him with lynx-eyed attention, must have enjoyed an amount of domestic infidelity such as the baptist of modern husbands can only dream of. In order to obtain that temporary liberty without which the convivial board would be a hollow mockery, it was necessary to invent some abiding and indisputable demand upon his time after dinner and as late as midnight. With the assistance of Hiram of Tyre the whole scheme of Masonry was drafted by Solomon with certain rights admirably calculated, when fractionally mentioned in the family circle, to impress the feminine mind with a sense of mystery. The goat, whose appetite for waste paper in the form of perfumed perfumes was history, was not unfortunately chosen as the symbol of Masonry, and his superiority to the modern waste-paper basket was not only early recognized, but playfully made use of. It is worthy of notice that the two kings enjoyed their little so so highly that they called their scheme, what it really is, a craft, and all the wide-awake and ingenious gentlemen whose devotion to the solemn rites of the great necessities their absence from home are, or think they are, the craftiest human beings in the cosmos. This, of course, is merely preliminary, and is a formal statement of what every intelligent man knows. It leads up to a point, however, as the reader will presently perceive.

Without doubt there are not a few earnest, stolid fellows among the Masons who believe as firmly in the goat and his mystic influence as they do in the Intensity of salary-day and the actuality of their own existence. These are the unconscious butts of their fellow-craftsmen, who enjoy their devotion to the ritual, and constantly maintain in their presence the delightful illusion that all hands are actually engaged in some stupendous work. Of course no reader of the *Eagle* included among these dull, though honest, enthusiasts, and it is not a breach of confidence to thus publicize the to the principal division of the Lodge paper. To the mad wags who enjoy the unending jokes they are playing on their families and on society at large, nothing can be funnier than the denunciations hurled at the "order" from the pulpit except the sincerity of their puffed-up brother Masons, who submit to the ordeal of riding the goat, because they firmly believe that in so doing they are, in some foggy manner, conferring an incalculable blessing on mankind. These are the kindly creatures who know the whole ritual by heart and ake to convert their non-Masonic brethren; who he awake at night repeating the formulae of their order and bringing all their intelligence to the explanation of the bewitching fact that on specified lodge nights there are never more than four or five Masons present, and those all of the earnest variety. These, too, are the unhappy victims of the *World's* little joke about the obelisk. They hate to eat cheese with their apple-pie, for instance, lest they should unwittingly consume a cube, and so devout a Masonic altar. Dusting-days at home convince them with misery, because their wives and even hired girls wear aprons. An opera-suit is their detestation, because it is made for two All-seeing eyes, whereas the devout Mason's conscience forbids his recognizing more than one.

Anusing as this type of human being is to the wise Mason, who lives after the fashion of a Sodom, and enjoys the bewilderment of his less fortunate brethren, there is one sort that is even more pertinacious. It is the fellow who not only cannot see a joke without submitting to a surgical operation, but indignantly rebels against what he calls an affront to his common sense. This is the curio, who, having investigated Masonry and failed to perceive either the joke on himself or the feminine gender, becomes virtually indignant, and cannot digest even an oyster until he has exposed what he heatedly terms the whole shameful humbug. Of this variety are two well-meaning persons, both naturally belonging to another "order" who last evening "exposed" Masonry in Boston. It is narrated by the faithful correspondent of the *Herald* that they narrowly escaped raising a riot. Why the sedate bean-eater of Boston should have become riotous is one of the mysteries that the physiological ignorance of the age fails to explain, except at baptisms, ought not to be indulged in even in church, but if the ladies had remained, they would not, we think, have been subjected to another shock, unless, indeed the clerical "exposers" were gifted with a larger share of imagination than, judging by the published reports of sermons the country over, the pulpit at large can boast of. At the same time we cannot help feeling regretfully that the little joke of our facetious contemporary the *World* is responsible for the exhibition that these two respected divines made of themselves. By calling attention to Masonry, and implying its origin to the Tower of Babel—the only structure but that built to easily date-ant the Puritan—our waggish contemporary provoked the confusion of tongue in Boston, and its little joke must be held accountable for the preposterous exhibition made by the Rev. J. P. Stoddard and the Rev. D. P. Rathbone, of Iowa.

The thermometer was at 10° below zero at Montgomery, N. Y., Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock, and 8° below at 8 o'clock. The ice-men are at work in full force. There will be plenty of ice there.

The thermometer Tuesday morning at Hartford, Ct., indicated 10° below zero, in West Hartford 12° below, and in Bristol 15° below. There will be plenty of ice there, too.

## (For the Dispatch.)

### TWO YEARS IN HEAVEN.

Two years—as we count time below—  
Have come and gone; their traces leaving  
Of that which we hold with trembling  
Within that conserves around.  
What is it?—the dome of blue?  
The classic river rods beside?  
Like some stern guard upon his head,  
To see no harm shall ever touch her.

Two years—for us of toil and tears,  
For that the crown, the wreath of glory?  
For the sun, the clouds and fears,  
Such early called to rest are best.  
Too tender, pure for this cold clime.  
Earth's forest soil no strength could render,  
Alone the heavy load of care,  
Left a blight a plant so fair and tender.

Two years—for as how changed, changed,  
Have seen the various ways we've wended!  
For thee the same once rugged road  
The cradle of care's earthly state.  
So speak at the gates of death.  
And yet, methinks, the world was slight—  
Nowhere to leave but to the west,  
Was n't edified to this we'll

For thy celestial, endless station.

Two years in Heaven—of two life  
Serenely, exult'd to perfect peace!  
Dost thou yet live, where thou'rt below?  
Who's own true home, where else they be,  
Is ever there—above with thee.

Thank you, dear—where thou'rt to death—  
Thou hast the life immortal given;  
And while we mourn our deepest loss,  
We know two years are gained to Heaven.

WILLIAMSBURG, VA., February 7, 1880.

### Hymn of Peace.

[Kansas City Times.]  
O sons of Androscooggin,  
Arrowhead, and Wabash,  
From sage-domains go—  
Back to your stars and your trees!

And let Passamaquoddy's son  
And Pamecumock's even bold  
And Bassakean's warlike sons  
For might and for right be done.

On old Katahdin's mighty height,  
With granite boulders, waves run high  
And old Walloombok ripples too,  
Proclaim the news that might is right.

Flow down, Moosecog, to the sea,  
And thou, Penobscot, downward flow,  
For old Unhaug never shrank to know  
The war that threatened once to be.

Let old Skowhegan's rollings cease,  
Piscataquis' roar pale down,  
And Kennebec and Casco called  
With gentle, hearty, lasting peace!

(For the Dispatch.)

### The Pearl-Diver.

In beauty, as a gem, combining wealth,  
Perfume, and fragrance, with health,  
Proclaiming courage, and sure hope in life,  
External life, the origin in the days of Solomon.

Oft have I gazed on the pearls of the deep,  
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